



# Puck

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"MOMMER'S DARLING."  
MOTHER'S LOVE IS BLIND.



## PUCK,

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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

Wednesday, May 13th, 1891. — No. 740.

## CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

SOME TWELVE or fifteen years ago there was a poor old superfluous-lagging veteran of the stage, who lived in New York, and whose name was George Jones. He was a half-crazy, decrepit adventurer, who had been a good actor in his day; but his day was long gone by. Still, he would persist in playing the star parts in Shakspeare's tragedies whenever any manager would let him have a theatre. Age and a grotesque manner made his serious endeavors ridiculous and even comic, at times. And as nothing could wound or discourage his monstrous vanity, the men-about-town, the unemployed actors, the newspaper-men and all the fun-loving folk who make up the class of "first-nighters" in a great city took to going to the performances of "George, the Count Joannes," as he called himself, and "guying" the poor old fellow. It was not in the best of taste, perhaps; but the chaff was good-natured, apt and funny; and it never went beyond the bounds of decency, humanity and fairness.

At last some heartless speculators conceived the idea of making a raree-show of the old man for the general public, and they induced him to undertake to play at an up-town theatre. Then they advertised the joke and sold their tickets. And then began a series of the most disgraceful disturbances that ever shamed a civilized town. Every witless devil with a dollar in his pocket rushed into the playhouse, to howl, to yell, to heap every imaginable insult upon the crazy star and the needy wretches who had been hired to support him. These unfortunates were pelted with eggs, vegetables and other missiles, and the women among them were fairly driven from the stage. After some days, the city authorities stopped the discreditable business; for the public was disgusted, and even those who began the riots had sickened of their work.

But there was one set of young men who did not sicken, to the bitter end. Night after night they pelted the actors, blew horns, stamped and yelled with tireless pertinacity, and, lest any one should fail to recognize them, they shouted the name of the institution of learning to which they belonged, and waved her colors on their canes. These were the young gentlemen of Columbia College. Apparently the remembrance of that carnival of delicate mirth has remained among the college traditions, for a few days ago four hundred Columbia collegians went to Mr. Harrigan's theatre and repeated the performance. Mr. Harrigan is no George the Count Joannes, but an artist and a manager of popularity and repute. Nevertheless, he was insulted, his audience dispersed, and his actors and actresses pelted with cabbages. Finally the police ejected the young gentlemen of Columbia, and they went to the stage-door, awaited the exit of the actresses, and followed them through the streets until pitying neighbors gave refuge to the frightened women.

Now, if this were a sporadic outbreak, it would not be worth chronicling. Unfortunately, it is only exceptional in the degree of its offensiveness: in kind, it is a characteristic college row — characteristic, at least, of our great seaboard colleges — in that it is silly, causeless, aimless and brutal. It is of a piece with the disfiguring of the Harvard statue and with the drunken disorder that has preceded or followed every college boat-race, from the Lake Quinsigamond days to the present time. It is not a natural ebullition of high spirits and playful vitality; it is the manifestation of a propensity for low and mean brutality which is as unnatural to a healthy-minded boy as is the habit of drunkenness or the taste for lying. And so long has this propensity been excused and condoned and tacitly encouraged in our older colleges, that in the mind of the collegian, at least, it has come to be regarded as an almost inevitable and wholly excusable outgrowth of our collegiate system.

Not one of our Eastern colleges is wholly free from this taint of half-stupid, half-malicious rowdyism. There are differences in the character of the disease. Harvard and Princeton are the least affected with it. Cornell has a peculiar, incredibly imbecile tom-foolery of her own, which is, however, confined to her own domain. Yale is the worst of all; for the Yale "man" occasionally wallows in depths of underbred boorishness

which would revolt other collegians. But there is not one of the lot whose boys, as a crowd, seem to know how to be lively boys without stooping to meanness and cowardice — in short, how to raise "Cain," as boys should, without lowering themselves.

We wish to call the attention of the young gentlemen who behaved so little like gentlemen, young or old, at Mr. Harrigan's theatre — and the attention of all young gentlemen who do not see clearly that these young gentlemen ought to have been spanked — to a few facts that are of much interest and importance to them and to their friends. For two hundred years this country has been trying hard to build up a great university, and it has not succeeded yet. It has a group of four strong, old, well-established institutions, with traditions, with college-pride, that have been served by generations of great scholars, and that have the best people of the country behind them, bound to them by ties of association and affection. Of Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton, Harvard is the nearest to a great university. But it is still far, far behind Oxford or Cambridge or the great German Universities. Now, why should this be so? These institutions do not lack scholarship, friends or enthusiasm. It is only a material prosperity that they need to bring them into line with the great colleges of Europe — as far as the comparatively young can be brought into line with their immortal elders. They all need money — and a vast deal of money to realize their highest ambitions.

And there are no people more ready and able to give money for educational purposes than the Americans, because there is no country with so large a class of men who have had to fight without help for fortune and education, and have acquired both. Such men are most anxious to spare younger men the trials and struggles of their own youth, and many of them hold it a conscientious duty to devote a portion of their earnings to that high purpose. Why are not all these men — rich enough, in the aggregate, to found a dozen universities as strong in money and lands as any in Europe — why are they not all working together to supply one of the greatest needs of this country?

Certainly, they are not. Every state has a long list of little "academies" and "institutes" and "seminaries" — extending even unto "universities" that consist of a school-house, a dormitory and a dining-hall. Each one of these represents the individual effort of some public-spirited money-getter to help young men to what is called "a liberal education." Every one fails of its purpose, more or less; because it is too small, too narrow, too cramped in every way to do anything more than turn a boy out with a high-school "education," (supposing it to be uncommonly thorough,) and a college label. Ten such institutions together might do good work. A hundred, consolidated into one, might do great work. To turn the united wealth and energy of a hundred such institutions — and they are to be counted by hundreds — into one of our old college establishments, would be to give that college a power and authority far beyond any thing we have yet dared to hope for in America.

But the hard-headed, open-handed men who are founding Smith Institutes and Jones Seminaries and Tompkins Colleges all over this broad land are not going to hand their money over to the old colleges that have so long striven for a sound university foundation while they believe — and right or wrong, justifiable or unjustifiable, this *is* the popular belief — that Princeton, Columbia, Yale and Harvard are "rich men's affairs," "fancy institutions," "ornamental schools," "play colleges," in fact, as the phrase goes. And if the men think thus who most firmly believe that education is the American's strength, and who are best disposed to help young Americans to that strength, is not their error largely chargeable to the collegians who disgrace their college in public places, and the college authorities who, like President Low, (unless he has been sadly misreported,) think that they have no power to punish such shameless exhibitions?

Are people to be blamed if they take such scandals as the Harrigan Theatre disturbance for the unmistakable sign and symptom of conscienceless idleness at its wit's end? Will not the young gentlemen of Columbia, Harvard and Princeton and Yale think how such outrages must appear to even the best friend of University education in this country when that friend knows that if the brutal riot at Harrigan's Theatre had been attempted at a Bowery playhouse, the toughs and roughs of the Bowery would most certainly have gathered to protect the women whom the young gentlemen of Columbia harried through the streets — by way of fun. Such fun is mean fun for any manly boy. It costs Columbia more than any one of its perpetrators will ever repay her.

## OMAR UP TO DATE.

Before the Phantom of Protection died,  
Methought a voice in the cigar-store cried:  
"What! Twenty-five for such a brand as that?  
Well, d—n McKinley!" and much more beside.





### STRONG CREDENTIALS.

MISS HALL. — I think Count Waldberg is lovely; but how did you get to know him, Elsie?  
 THE COUNTESS ELSIE. — It was at a table d'hôte in Switzerland. He passed me the Limburger, which I, of course, declined; but on the strength of that little piece of cheese we formed an acquaintance which culminated in our marriage.

### FALSE PRETENCES.



PEOPLE IN "palace"-cars act in a manner that could be improved. I can never control my indignation when I think of them. They act in a manner as false and hollow and insincere, by heaven, as if they were acting on the stage. Now, if people must act a part, they should certainly have too much pride to act with the aggressive insincerity of professional actors.

I call attention to the average of men as they enter a sleeping-car when it stands in the station at the beginning of a trip.

Immediately on entering they counterfeit an

air. It is an air that is preposterous. It combines the deepest solemnity (as of one entering the temple of Jupiter Ammon) with the most wondrous dignity (as of one who makes dignity his life-work). It is an air of the most experienced and practiced refinement, of impossible exclusiveness and superiority.

Every man hands his grip to the porter as if it would be quite incompatible with the man's dignity and totally foreign to his old established habits to carry it himself; albeit, he has probably lugged it six blocks to save car-fare. Now he appears as if he had never done so much with his fair white hands as to buckle his own shoe.

But note the transmogrified menial still farther, and see what a wondrous effect the "palace"-car has in enriching the thin blood derived from his ancestors. With an air of tremendous importance he follows the porter (who assumes an air of deference), and he eyes his stick, umbrella and hat-box, as they are bestowed in their places, as if the umbrella were unique, the stick worth a king's ransom, and the hat-box the only hat-box ever possessed by sybaritic man.

As he is doffing his rich and remarkable overcoat, he gazes haughtily about the car as if to see with what princes of the blood or with what parvenues and upstarts he is to make his royal progress.

He seats himself, and the richness of the dusty plush, of the cast-copper filagree work and the frenzied inlaying of woods, continues to permeate his being. Presently he opens his valise, as if he were enjoying a privilege, and pulls out a cigar or two, as if Havana looked to him for her trade.

And yet, after all, this man is, after all, only a man; practically the

same that one may read of in physiologies. His wife at home is getting along with cheap servants and economizing with mush lunches.

Away with this pretence. Away with these sudden airs of regality, this vast burden of solemnity, these affected appearances of capitalism. Why should these things be? Because a man pays an extravagant price to ride in a mahogany box, why should he give his manners a hard-oil finish? Because a man is the slave of Sir George Pullman, why should he think his berth-check a temporary patent of nobility?

Airs of pride are ever distasteful. The greatest of men should be of modest seeming. As for ordinary men, we tell them plainly, that never is their appearance so just and fitting as when they are looking heartily ashamed of themselves.

*Williston Fish.*



### WELL MATCHED.

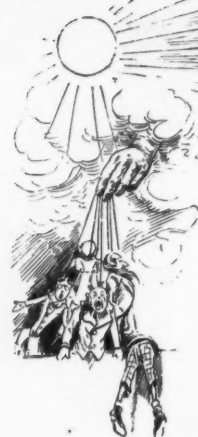
NEAR-SIGHTED OBSERVER. — That's the best race I ever saw! Those bicyclers have been round the circle three times, and that fellow with the striped Jersey has n't gained an inch.

# HYPNOTIC TALES.

BY JAMES L. FORD.

X.

## THE SCHOOL-BOY'S TALE.\*



"CERT," said the School-Boy, unabashed by the attention of which he had suddenly become the focus; "I can tell you a story about something that happened up in our hall just before the holidays, and made lots of fun for all the boys. You see, all of us little fellows room in the same house with the Doctor and his family, so he can get to us quick in case we make a row, or get hurt or sick or anything. Well, Deacon Drury has a room all to himself in the upper hall where the boys' rooms are —"

"Who's Deacon Drury? One of the teachers, I suppose," remarked the Detective.

"No; he's one of us boys; only we call him Deacon because he's such a solemn-looking fellow, and always inventing all sorts of things for us to have fun with. The Doctor won't let him room with any of the other fellows because he's nearly killed one or two little chaps by his patent gunpowder going off under their beds, or their drinking some of his chemicals thinking it was lemonade. So, now, he has a room all to himself under the garret eaves, where he can keep all his chemicals and mixtures, and where he works away at his flying machine every afternoon when there's nothing in particular going on."

"His flying machine!" exclaimed the Representative Business Man, incredulously.

"Certainly! Why not? You don't begin to know what a genius Deacon Drury is. Alexander and Socrates, and those ancients we learn about were nothing to him in my opinion.

He's all the time inventing things.

He made a pistol, all by himself, that exploded and came near blowing Tommy Finn's hand off; and there is n't a boy in the upper hall that has n't had his hair or eyebrows singed one time or another by the Deacon's magic powder. He made a portable ghost with phosphorous eyes, that he could fold up and carry in his coat pocket, and most scared the life out of a new boy with it; and as for his flying machine, when he gets that ready, it'll be a surprise to the Doctor and a good many other folks, too, I guess."

"What's the principle of his flying machine?"

"Nobody knows what it's like. When the Deacon invents anything he shuts himself up in his room and works away at it, and nobody ever sees it until he's ready to spring it on the school. We're all crazy about that flying machine, and Drury claims that, when it's finished, he'll be able to fly from the window of the Upper Hall clear across the play-ground to the roof of the school-house. It'll be a big day for the Deacon when he does that."

"But do you mean to tell us that the teacher of your school permits a boy to go on preparing for an experiment which will certainly result in his death?" demanded the Spiritualist.

"Permits nothing! What has the teacher got to say about it, any way? It may be all right for him to boss us in school-hours, but the rest of the time it's none of his business what we do. Anyhow, you don't suppose the Deacon's fool enough to let the Doctor know what he's about, do you? No, sirree! Ever since he had his bombshell taken away from him, just when it was finished, and he was loading it with his own powder, he's been mighty careful not to let any of the teachers find out what he's

doing. He's built a sort of a closet 'way out under the eaves of the roof, and hides all his tools and chemicals and other traps in it, so 's nobody will find 'em. Why, it was the Deacon who invented the combination suit for the Upper Hall."

"The what?" asked the Boston Girl.

"The combination suit. You see, if you're late for breakfast you don't get any; and there's always some fellow who stays in bed till the last bell rings, and then has n't time to dress and get down to table before the Doctor asks the blessing. So the Deacon collected enough clothes in the hall to make a medium-sized suit, with a false shirt bosom under the vest that looked all right; and he had the whole thing sewed together and hung on a nail in the hall, where any fellow that stayed in bed till the bell rang could jump into it and get downstairs in time for breakfast. But by-and-by the Doctor thought it kind of funny that the last boy down from the Upper Hall always wore an old corduroy vest, and had his pants rolled up if he was small, and wore 'em at half-mast if he was a big fellow; so he took a tumble, and the combination suit was barred out. Then we told the Deacon he'd got to invent something that 'u'd beat the combination suit; and he hid in his den for a week, and we did n't see anything of him at all. At last, one night while we were all sitting around the stove, rubbing ourselves with Pond's Extract, for we'd been playing shinny all the afternoon, the Deacon came out of his room, and says he:

"Well, fellows, I guess I've got it this time, sure."

"What is it?" says all of us at once.

"The biggest thing I ever invented — next to the flying machine."

"Look out or it'll explode!" sings out Tommy Finn; and, of course, we all burst out laughing; but the Deacon did n't mind it a bit.

He don't care whether we laugh at him or not; just pegs along in his own queer way, same as if nobody said anything to him at all.

"This thing of mine," said the Deacon, "I'm going to patent and sell all over the country. Every boarding-school in the land ought to have one. I call it a Doctor-Catcher." And then he goes in his room and fetches out a great long wire, with some queer fixings at one end of it, and an old dinner-bell at the other. "Now," says the Deacon, "you know that loose step down near the bottom of the staircase, just before you reach the

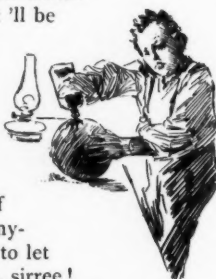
dining-room door. Well, when the Doctor comes upstairs he always comes up slow and deliberate, one step at a time."

"Not when he hears an explosion in your room," puts in Tommy Finn; and then we all began to laugh again.

"Well," goes on the Deacon, "this contrivance is attached to the loose stair, so that when the Doctor steps on it the wire rings the dinner-bell upstairs, and we know he's coming. Now we'll take a screw-driver and some screws and go down to fasten it, just to see how it will work."

"It took an awful lot of trouble to get the wire fixed so it would n't be noticed; but at last we got it all right; and when the Doctor came upstairs that evening we heard the bell ring long before he was halfway up. That gave us plenty of time to hustle into bed, and be asleep and snoring when he got to the rooms. So, of course, we all said the Deacon's Doctor-Catcher was a big thing; and we made a rule in the Hall that any fellow who trod on the loose step in the staircase was to get three boots around, so we would n't have any false alarm."

"Well, everything went along first-rate for some time; and I guess the Doctor must have thought it mighty queer that, no matter how quietly he came upstairs, everybody was still as a mouse when he reached the place. We all of us saved a lot of bad marks, because, no matter what we might be doing, we never got caught. But one morning the Deacon stayed in bed till the last bell rang, hopped up in a great hurry, and





jumped into the combination suit, because he did n't have time to put his own clothes on; then started downstairs on the dead-run. How he did it, I don't know, but somehow he managed to catch his foot in the wire, and the first thing we knew, while we were all sitting at breakfast, we heard a fearful noise outside, and then the door burst open and the Deacon came tumbling in and fell full length on the floor, and you could hear the old dinner-bell a-rattling down the stairs behind him.

"We all burst out laughing, while the Deacon picked himself up and began getting his feet out of the wire."

"Drury," says the Doctor, kinder quick and mad like, "come here to me at once;" and the Deacon started, gave another pull to the wire, and down came the dinner-bell

rattling and jangling right on to the dining-room floor. I don't know which looked most surprised, the Deacon or the Doctor.

"What 's that bell?" says the Doctor.

"That 's the bell that rings when anybody 's coming upstairs, sir."

"Then you 'll have ten marks for ringing it on the way down," says the Doctor; and that was the last of the Doctor-Catcher."



"Good night," came from every one; and in a few minutes the fire, burning low on the hearth, shone on an array of empty chairs.

"It 's a curious fact," said the Hypnotist, as the company separated for the night, "but I could n't hypnotize that boy at all. He told the truth naturally and of his own volition. Very different from the rest of you."

### HOMeward BOUND.

HE HAS been on a "toot" with the rest of the "boys;"  
Had plenty of fun and made lots of noise;  
And when from the last glass he has scattered the foam,

Then this is the way the old toper goes home.

Through the play they have sat, snuggled up warm and tight,  
'Till at last it is over—until the next night—  
Then out in the moonlight and onward they roam,

And this is the way the young lovers go home.

To the President, folks come to get situations;  
He looks them all over; picks out his relations;  
The rest turn their backs on the Capitol dome,

And these are the different ways they go home.

J. A. Foster.



### SHORT, BUT SENSIBLE.

NEW ARRIVAL.—Won't you give me a little advice about starting a garden?

OLD FARMER.—Yes; don't commence one. Buy your vegetables from me.

### GETTING READY.

MRS. MADISON NAVNYER.—It is almost time to think of going to the seaside, dear.

MR. MADISON NAVNYER.—Yes; and that reminds me that we must get a man to go up in the attic, and get out our cottage.



### THE MYSTERIOUS LINEMAN.

MRS. CAVENY (pointing to LINEMAN with creepers on).—Phwhat be thim t'ings on thot poor felly's ligs, Patty?

MR. CAVENY (the CAR DRIVER).—Thim do be interferin' shtraps, me dear, t' kape 'im fr'm kickin' hissill. Doan't yez see th' shpikes in thim?

### OUT-HERODING HEROD.

"I wonder at the number of children of respectable parentage offered for adoption."

"Well, you see, a great many very respectable people have to live in flats."

### NOBODY WANTS THAT.

"There 's a scramble for Edmunds's shoes now."

"Is there any rush for Evarts's hat?"

### MAKING A SURE THING OF IT.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—Have you met Miss Chilton yet?

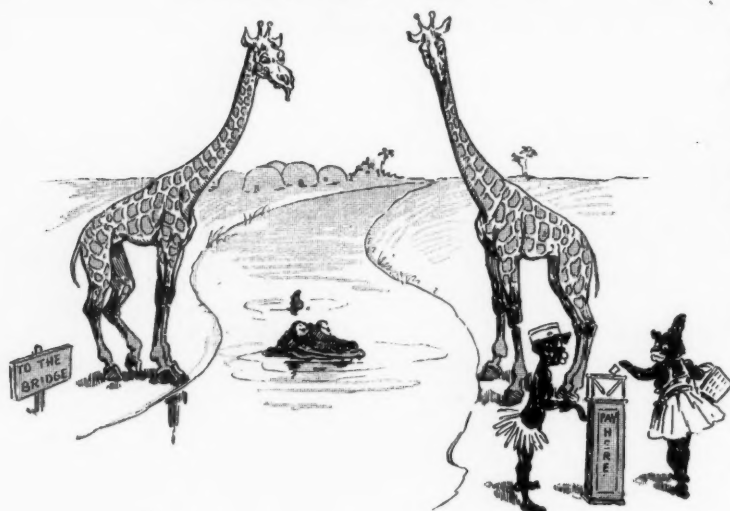
UPSON DOWNES.—No; I called there last Friday afternoon, and she was out.

ROWNE DE BOUT.—That 's strange. I called there the same afternoon, and she was in.

UPSON DOWNES (dryly).—The next time I call on her, I shall go with you.

## THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT AT SENEGAMBIA.

New Camelopard Bridge at Alligatacheeta.



### A FABLE.

A Humorist who journeyed at Night stopped at the House of a Friend.

"Welcome to Thee," said his Friend; "hast Thou had Aught to relieve Thy hunger?"

"Verily, I have," replied the Humorist; "I have Fed on the Fat of the Land and the Sky. I stretched forth mine Hand, and took the big Dipper and filled it with Milk from the Milky way; I placed in it some Ice from Iceland, and set it Down to cool. Then fetched I some Greens from Greenland, and a Sandwich from the Sandwich Islands; to this I added a Shank from Turkey, a Greaser from Greece and some Butter from Moscow. Such was my Repast."

"Very good," said his Friend; "I need not Disturb my Servants to bring thee to Eat."

MORAL.—All things are univocal to some people, and a Humorist should be serious when there is a meal in it.

"LET WELL enough alone," remarked the man who leased his house without the help of an agent.



BETWEEN TWO FIRES.

EAST ORANGE  
— Sunrise.

A CUT-AWAY  
SUIT—The  
Sprinter's Rig.

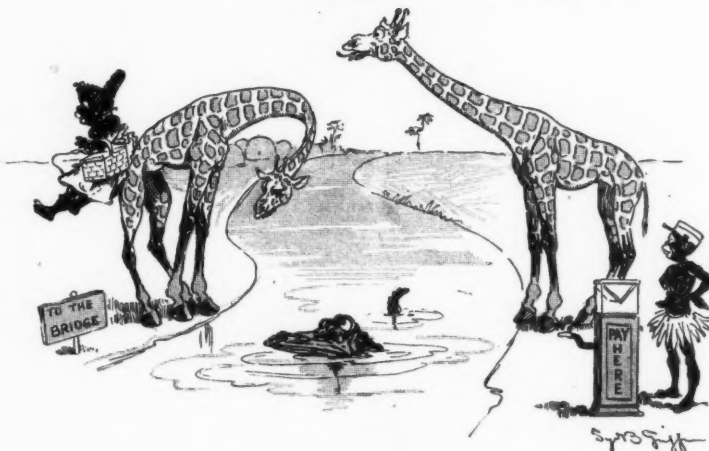
FORE QUARTERS of mutton do not make  
a hundred-weight.

BEHIND THE FASHION — The Whims  
of its Leaders.

THE WIDOW feels superior to the spin-  
ster. Even a husband is better "late"  
than never.

THE WALL STREET bear likes to prowl  
by lamb-plight.

HOW BOTH the trust monopolist  
The bulge on us acquire  
By crowding competition out  
And making prices higher!



## A TRIUMPH OF DADC.

"Good evedig, Biss Jodsud. I ab very glad to beet you agaid."

"But, pardon me, Mr. Sneezzer, you are not looking well."

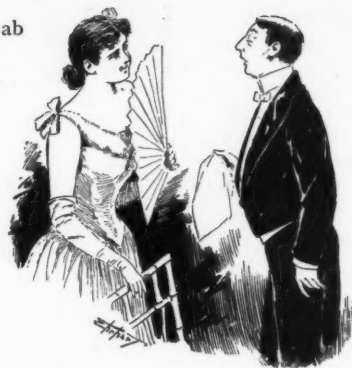
"Do. I have a dasty gold id the head."

"I'm sorry — but, really, I never know what to do for a cold in the head."

"What! you have, thed, do rebedy do offer?"

"None."

"Biss Jodsud — it is sudded, I dow, but — will you barry be?"



### BUY IT A WIG.

HARKER.—Is that so, about the hair of a dog curing the bite?

BARKER.—So they say.

HARKER.—Well, say, what's a fellow going to do when one of those confounded Mexican dogs bites him?

### A FLOWER FANCY.

I SEE ON a dark, dark stem  
A white, white rose.  
The stem is as dark as night,  
The flower white as the snows.

The stem is an Ethiop  
That nods in a study brown;  
The white rose his pleasant dream  
Of the circus coming to town.

R. K. M.

### CYCLONE CELLARS.

"What are those holes for?" inquired the new-comer.

"For cyclones," answered the Kansas man, briefly.

"What!" cried the tenderfoot; "do you plant 'em?"

"Yep; that's how we raise the wind!"

IT IS ONLY a change in our feelings that causes a silvery voice to sound metallic.

THE CIGARETTE HABIT  
— Rice Paper.

AN ALL-NIGHT DIVE —  
The Sun's below the  
Horizon.

THE SINGLE THOUGHT  
that joins two souls  
must be a sort of mental  
hyphen.

A TERRIBLE STRAIN —  
"A. Rooney."

THE OFFICE CLOCK with  
a cathedral chime must  
sometimes feel strikingly  
out of place.



# AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.



BOOK AGENT (to SUBURBAN RESIDENT).—Can I give you a few reasons why you ought to have this "Life of Daniel Webster," sir?



SUBURBAN RESIDENT.—No; but you can give me a few reasons why those garden seeds you sold me last year did n't come up!

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A THESAURUS OF USEFUL INFORMATION DISPENSED GRATIS TO THE GIVEAWAY READERS.

(THE GIVEAWAY will not undertake to answer any questions but those of general interest. Questions in grammar should be given to your nearest pupil-teacher, likewise all others pertaining to the rudiments. Religious, political and medical questions not answered. Patronize home industries. Communications for this department should be addressed simply: "THE GIVEAWAY Question Bureau, P. O. Drawer 23,452," and not to the Editor or the business department.)

BERT S., (Apeville, Ind.).—Your question was answered in No. 23, Vol. XIX.  
X. Y. W., (New Haven, Conn.).—Read the instructions at the head of this column.

JOHN P., (Blueranche, Texas).—If he loses, you win.  
LITIGANT, (Dulltown, N. J.).—Ask your lawyer.

SAM SILLY, (Waukegetoke, Wis.).—We do not answer questions of that kind.

MILO D., (Jacksonville, Florida).—Read answer to X. Y. W. in this column.

M. L. Z., (Philadelphia, Pa.).—This is not a free advertising column.

JOLLY BOY, (Mud Creek, Mo.).—Your question is not of general interest.

NELLIE H., (Conniott, O.).—We have never heard of the song "Rats in the Garret, Horned Toads in the Cellar."

SNAP SHOT, (Wildcat, Pike Co., Pa.).—April 3, 1899, will fall on Thursday.

MODESTY, (Shimpville, Ga.).—Ten columns of this paper would not contain the information you ask for.

COLLECTOR, (Plainfield, Ia.).—There is no premium on the coin you mention.

NONAME, (Sacramento, Cal.).—We pay no attention to anonymous communications.

ANXIOUS, (Hustletown, R. I.).—He may live ten years yet; that is, of course, assuming that death does not intervene.

(A few questions left over for our next issue.)

Wallace Chadman.

THE BANKRUPT house-builder began at the bottom and then went up.

A NATURAL SUPER would be a supernatural appearance in most theatres.

WHAT YOU DO, do thoroughly; the loss of a mere collar-button makes one's whole appearance ridiculous.

## SKINS GROW AGAIN, BUT MONEY DOES N'T.

THEATRICAL MANAGER.—Business is plumb played out. What can we do for an advertisement?

ACTRESS.—Suppose you meet me at a prominent corner and permit yourself to be cowed.

## NEEDS A STRAINER.

SHE.—His humor is n't strained at all.

HE.—Yes; such a pity! It needs classification so badly.

## MAKING LITERATURE.

SHE.—Miss Grayson has somehow produced the impression that she comes of a very literary family.

HE.—Well, I suppose you might look at it that way. Her father is a walking dialect story.

## PUCK'S PESSIMISTIC PHILOSOPHER.

My son, feather your nest before you marry. Custom permits us to go on the street without a wife, but it does not allow us to go on the street without a pair of trousers.

## A REALISTIC ROMANCE.

MRS. CHROMOLIT.—My dear Professor, pray tell us what in your opinion constitutes the difference between romance and realism.

PROFESSOR FREEX.—Romance, my dear Madam, makes us wish we were what we are not; and Realism makes us feel disgusted with what we are.

SMALL FAVORS are thankfully received; but they are often unthankfully unremembered.

EVERY SILVER LINING has its cloud. You can't earn a half-dollar without working for it.

A SYNONYM—Professor Briggs's Heresy.

THE MAN who wants a mansion in the skies should keep his eye peeled for a "rent in the clouds."

KNOWLEDGE MAY be power; but it won't run shafting.



## NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

MR. BLEECKER.—What in thunder?

MR. BROOKE LYNN.—Well, I've got to see the ball game, and, of course, I can't get away from the baby; so I devised this rather novel arrangement. Clever, is n't it?



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

A BAD DAY FOR



HU C K.



DAY FOR UMBRELLAS.

## CARLYLE SMITH'S CYCLOPEDIA OF ANECDOTES.

## CÆSAR'S CARE.

A FEW DAYS AFTER the death of Cæsar, Cinna meeting Marc Antony on the Palatine Hill, stopped him to inquire after Mrs. Cæsar's health, and then asked:



"By the way, were Cæsar's affairs left in good shape?"  
"Very," said Antony. "All his rents were found in the lining of his toga."

## PLENTY TO BE DONE.

"I can't find anything to do," groaned an unfortunate hack-writer to Sheridan, who had been advising him to buckle down to work.

"Can't find anything to do?" cried Sheridan.

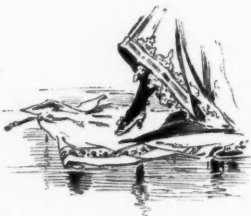
"Why, man, don't you know that not a line of Dickens has been written yet?"

## NEW LIGHT ON RALEIGH.

The Earl of Leicester, alone of all Elizabeth's Court, declined to enthuse over the gallantry of Sir Walter Raleigh in throwing his cloak into the mud so that Her Majesty's feet would not be wet.

"Why are you so glum over it, Leicester?" asked Ben Jonson. "Not jealous, I hope?"

"Not at all," returned the Earl; "but it was my cloak."



## A HOMER LEGEND.

Homer, on being asked if he was born in Cyme, replied: "I do not know. I was in Smyrna at the time."



## BRUMMELL AND THE COCKNEY.

"H's it wrong to 'ave h'aspirations, sir," asked a Cockney of Brummell.

"No — not if you aspirate as you should," returned the Beau; "but I submit that your course is largely ex-aspirating."

## THE BEGINNING OF A GREAT CONTROVERSY.

Raleigh and Ben Jonson were walking home together one night from Lord Bacon's, and the great scholar was being thoroughly dissected by his two friends. Finally Raleigh remarked:

"Bacon 's clever, you know, but he is n't Shakspeare."

"I 'm not so sure of that," said Jonson, with a knowing shake of his head.



## A SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST BURKE.

Boswell once ventured to praise one of Burke's speeches in Doctor Johnson's presence, and was very much surprised to hear his great master blurt out:

"Bah! Burke is a rank plagiarist."

"So?" queried Boswell, all of a tremble.

"Yes, sir; so!" retorted Johnson; "you 'll find every word of his last oration in my dictionary."

## JOHNSON'S CORRECTION.

To return for a moment to Samuel Johnson, Burke having made the remark:

"Boswell and I get along very well, but I think he knows too much."

The lexicographer took him up on his grammar.

"You are slip-shod to-night, Edmund," he said. "You should not say 'he knows,' but 'he noses.'"



## JOHNSON AND GOLDSMITH AGAIN.

"I 'm coming over to see you to-night," said Goldsmith, meeting Johnson at the Cheshire Cheese about midday.

"Don't!" returned Johnson; "I 'll not be home. I dine with Garrick and Burke at Sir Joshua's. We are to meet Paoli."

"Is Sir Joshua giving a dinner?" queried Goldsmith, with a surprised look on his face.

"Yes," returned Johnson.

"Strange he did n't ask me," said Goldsmith.

"Not at all!" roared the Doctor; "he knew you 'd come if he did."

## ADDISON'S BON MOT.

Some one of Pope's dicta, having been repeated to Addison, the famous essayist pooh-poohed it.

"Pope is very fallible," he said; "he makes one great mistake. He thinks he is THE Pope, when in reality he is only A. Pope."



## FOX AND PITT.

"Pitt," said Fox one day, "is n't it strange that you, opposed as you are to me and my opinions, are yet so Foxy."

"Not so strange," remarked Pitt with dignity, "as that you, opposed to me and my opinions, as you are, should always appear so pitiful."

Fox, fond as he was of a joke, could not see the point of his adversary, and turned angrily away.

## MIRABEAU'S WIT.

"Did you see the King to-day?" asked Mirabeau of Danton, as the two great revolutionists met at a Parisian Café Chantant.

"Yes; he looked mighty well in his velvetens, too," returned Danton.

"Wait 'til he gets on his guillotine," said Mirabeau, with a significant wink at Robespierre, who had just entered.



Carlyle Smith.

## FORCE OF HABIT.

MR. BOOKMAKER. — How do you like living on the top floor? Is n't it tiresome?

MR. BETTINGE WRINGE. — No; not at all. I usually ride up in the elevator and walk down.

MR. BOOKMAKER. — There must be a race track on the roof.

'T WAS LITTLE that she had to say,  
But that she said so charmingly,  
That Solon's wisdom since that day  
Has seemed an empty thing to me.



## OUT OF SIGHT.

ICEMAN. — Shall I leave ice here this Summer, Mum? I left it last Summer.

MRS. PHLIGH. — Did you? Well, we did n't find it!





#### A SECTIONAL INCIDENT.

ANXIOUS PASSENGER.—Stop the train! I just lost my manicure case out of the window.

PORTER.—I'll get it on d' back trip, lady. We 'se jist goin' through Camden, an' no one in d' city 'll know what it is.

#### A SCHOOL-ROOM IDYL.

"Teacher, I can not answer that question."

"Robert, your reasons for this surprising refusal to answer me! Did Thomas Jones throw that spit-ball?"

It was a thrilling moment. Across his desk the tall, powerful master glared sternly at the pale, determined face of the little fellow before him. From their seats the scholars watched the scene with bated breath. An investigative youth in the back of the room dropped a pin, and was frightened at the noise it made. The big green fly stopped buzzing against the window-pane. The boughs of the old elm beside the door ceased their rustling to catch the brave boy's answer. At last it came. The noble little fellow burst into tears.

"I don't want to," he sobbed, "'cause Tommy Jones says if I blab on him, he 'll lick de stuffin' out er me."

#### THE NATURAL METHOD.

"How do you suppose Mrs. Filkins manages to acquire so many foreign languages?"

"Oh, she gets her help directly from the Barge Office!"

#### A MODERN VERSION.

"Give me the people's money, and I care not who write their songs."—*Beranger, revised by the Nineteenth Century.*

WOMAN is a good deal like ice-cream. Even her natural sweetness won't save her when she gets unduly "warmed up."

#### INOPPORTUNE.

THERE ARE poems that are accepted,  
There are verses, too, rejected,  
And when a manuscript comes back,  
'T is a grief not unexpected.

But the little contribution  
I recall with keenest pain,  
Was a valentine ecstatic  
To a local belle called Jane.

I rejoiced that it was taken—  
Quite cheerfully I sold it.  
Alas! I did not realize  
They had marked the copy, "Hold it."

I forgot the love-sick ditty  
As the slow years rolled away,  
Till they jammed it in to fill a gap  
One most unlucky day.

Another girl perused the line  
With anything but joy.  
So ended my engagement  
To Miss Josephine Leroy.

#### A FROSTY HEAD—The North Pole.

THE SHAPE of the hour-glass reminds us that there should be the smallest possible waste to our time.

EVEN GOOD PEOPLE will go to the bad, when they become missionaries.

IF THE WISH is father of the thought, the thought should be sunny.

THE LAWYER never worries when he sees breakers ahead—if they are law-breakers.

AN OPTIMIST is a man who thinks himself as good as he can possibly be; and a pessimist is a man who thinks his neighbors are as bad as they can possibly be.

HIS MORAL standard is so high,  
So high his worthiness must be,  
That in the men who pass him by  
No jot of virtue can he see.



#### A YOUNG DIPLOMAT.

DORA.—O Dolph! I'm going to tell Ma!  
DOLPH (from interior of the closet).—Better not tell her till I give you half this cake.

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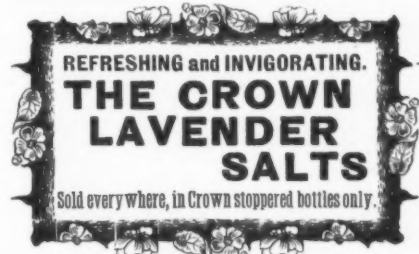
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C. E. HIRES & CO.,  
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Who do not wish to lose their hair before they are forty, must begin to look after their scalps before they are twenty.

—N. Y. Medical Record.

#### PREVENT BALDNESS.

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framed in nickel, imported from a French government  
factory, and not at all on sale in America, easily worth  
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it has been sold by the leading jobbers in the United States, and  
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in 1889 over three and three-quarter millions; and it will reach  
five millions for 1890, and it to-day stands without a rival. For  
sale by all FIRST-CLASS RETAILERS in the principal cities  
throughout AMERICA. It is manufactured in two sizes—BOU-  
QUET EXTRAS, packed 25 and 50 in a box, and BOUQUET  
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delicious smoke, equal to many IMPORTED 20-cent cigars, the  
BOUQUET will surely please you, and the name of UPMANN,  
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Make money print-  
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for spare hours.  
Typesetting easy,  
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printed rules. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards,  
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Boys' 26-inch Safety, with rubber tires, 17.50.  
Gents' 30-inch Safety, balls to b's and pedals, 35.00.

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the most delicate  
shade or fabric. No ripping required.  
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NASHVILLE, TENN. 97 Name this Paper every time you write. 134

LONG MAY SHE WAVE—The old lady where  
the electric car does not stop.—*Harvard Lampoon.*



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THOMPSON (the famous critic, who has been  
invited up by the MAJOR to see a new painting  
that he has bought).—Now, Major, I knew how  
it would be if you would persist in buying pictures  
without consultation. You have been cheated on  
this landscape. Why, the coloring and perspec-  
tive are atrocious! That house is incredible, and  
those trees impossible! Don't take it—don't  
take it!

MAJOR NEWTON.—Well, seeing that you say  
so, perhaps I won't; but the fact is, Thompson,  
that is my back window you are looking out of,  
and the picture is at the other end of the room  
there!—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

A FAMILIAR RING—Tammany.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

# Armour's

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The best and most economical "Stock" for Soups, Etc.  
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"Open the can, pour the contents  
into a stew pan and bring to boiling  
point, stirring the soup gently so as  
to prevent scorching, then serve."

That is all; five hours' work done  
in five minutes. No cooking, di-  
luting, adding this, that or the  
other, no culinary science required,  
the price within your reach and your  
choice of eighteen different varieties.

"Exquisite in flavor" says Marion Harland. This  
vouches for the quality. Look out for imitations.

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Tomato, Chicken Gumbo, French Bouillon, Julienne, Pea, Printanier, Mutton Broth, Vegetable,  
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SOMETHING is wrong with the lower works of  
the hydrant at the north-east corner of the cell  
house, and Yard Guard Carlgren has been busy  
several days trying to find out what it is; but,  
owing to the soft condition of the earth there-  
about, he is having a difficult time. His crew  
say that they are being worked contrary to law,  
for they were sentenced to hard labor, while this  
is the softest job they ever struck.—*Prison  
Mirror.*

IN answer to the query propounded by a New  
York journal—"What would Captain Kidd do  
in these days of ocean greyhounds?"—it may be  
suggested that he might start a New York bank  
and elect himself president of it.—*Detroit Free  
Press.*

A BATTING ORDER—The English Nobility.—*Harvard  
Lampoon.*

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allays all pain, cures wind colic and diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

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# DREAMS vs. NIGHTMARES.

SHE.—Oh, by the way, Mr. Softed, I dreamed of you last night.

HE (*complimented*).—How good of you! (*fishing for more*), what could have made you dream of me?

SHE.—Oh, it was that Lobster Salad, I'm sure; it never does agree with me at night.—*Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly.*

AN Indianian who is said to have a weakness for pedestrianism, has walked 16,000 miles in six months. He has probably been following Harrison to get that office.—*Texas Siftings.*



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remedy with as much satisfaction as he  
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it everywhere. It is a perfect emulsion,  
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CHINEE (*à la Baron Ling Ching*).—Curious American custom! When the base-ball flies back, call it a bird; when it goes forward, call it an insect.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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## GOOD MEN NOT NEEDED.

STRANGER.—I should think such an enterprising, public-spirited citizen as Mr. Goodman would be nominated for some important office in this community.

POLITICIAN.—He'd run well, but we don't need him.

"Don't need him?"

"No. We're always sure of a big majority, any how."—*New York Weekly.*

## KNEW BY EXPERIENCE.

BRIGLEY.—Miss — is a great base-ball fiend, is n't she? Always using base-ball phrases.

DE CHUMPLEY.—Yes, I should say she was. Whenever I call she is always out — at home.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.  
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

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**BENT'S HAND-MADE**  
**WATER CRACKERS**  
ARE STAMPED  
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ON EVERY CRACKER.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

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## APPRECIATIVE HENS.

FARMER'S WIFE (*to precocious BABE*).—What is it the hens say when they lay an egg?

BABE.—Kic — kic — kick — McKinley! —*New York Weekly.*

**Liebig COMPANY'S**  
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By Henry M. Stanley.

"The Liebig Company's Extract was of the choicest." Page 39, Vol. I.  
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"One Madi managed to crawl near my tent. \* \* He was at once borne to a fire and laid within a few inches of it, and with the addition of a pint of hot broth made from the Liebig Company's Extract of Beef we restored him to his senses."—Page 58, Vol. II.

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*J. von Liebig*

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**Cocoa**

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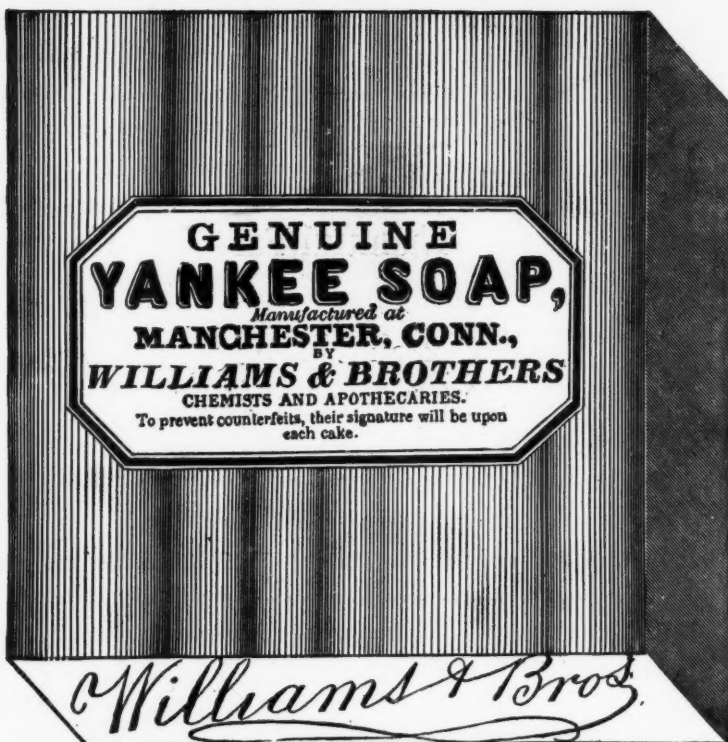
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**QUESTION** Ask your Barber if he uses WILLIAMS' SOAP. If he does not he is using some other kind simply because it is a trifle cheaper. The impurities contained in these inferior kinds are what render them so dangerous to use. Putrid fats, dangerous mineral substances, cause most of the distressing facial disfigurements. If your Barber does not use WILLIAMS' SOAP, go to one who does.

Man's Desire "to be well dressed" antedates the Shakspearean period; but man's desire was seldom, if ever realized, until



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The Tailor

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Serges, Flannels and  
Mohairs are the rage  
"Just Now."  
We have them in all the  
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WAGNER cars are for sleeping purposes; but Wagner music is not.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

**VARICOCELE** Quick, sure cure. Book free. Address,  
Prof. Fowler, Moodus, Conn.

### A SLOW TRAIN.

**BRAKEMAN** (on Southern railroad).—Passengers is not allowed on th' platforms, sir, when the train is in motion.

**PASSENGER.**—Beg pardon; I will go in. I did not notice that the train was in motion.—*New York Weekly.*

**ELLA.**—Pa says we can't marry for ten years. But don't look so sad, George; you are young yet.

**GEORGE.**—Yes, I know I am, dearest. I was n't thinking of myself, but of you, love.

It was at once put off indefinitely.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Now, let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both," is a favorite toast after taking Angostura Bitters. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, Manufacturers.

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OUR dog Sport, who has been spending a few weeks in the country, returned to the prison Monday very much broken down in health.—*Prison Mirror.*



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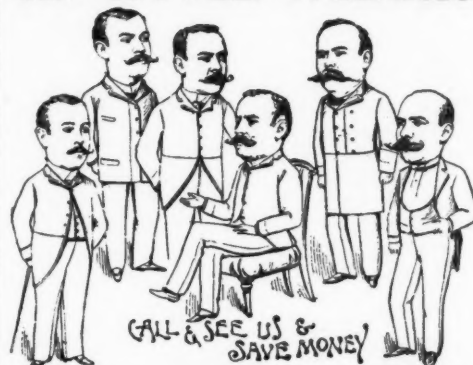
A NEW ENGLAND hand-organ factory has shut down. It would n't be natural for them to shut up.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

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JARVIS.—How would this do: "Let good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both?"

HOLLIS.—Pshaw! It's waited long enough, already!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

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MR. SCEPTIC.—Not another word about it, friend Reasoner, if you please. My women folks did it all. They had so much to say against your plans; they knew so much better; warned me against listening to Mr. Reasoner, and made such ado about it that I took the next train on the New Jersey and New York Road up to Haverstraw, just to see if I were not able to judge for myself.

MR. REASONER.—And returned disappointed, of course!

MR. SCEPTIC.—On the contrary, I found the country on the New Jersey and New York Road to be very healthy. Its well-water is as pure and clear as crystal—the best I ever drank. I have seen very beautiful and picturesque spots for homes at very moderate prices, as Mr. J. D. Hasbrouck, the General Manager of that road, to whom I had an introduction, assured me. Mr. Hasbrouck is a very obliging gentleman, and willing to give information to any one wishing to know about land for sale, houses to rent, or good board for the Summer. What is very rare on railroad trains, the conductors, even the brakemen, are extremely polite, and as willing to accommodate the passengers as if they were their own customers. I am going to secure a suitable location on that road and settle there. Will you join me?

MR. REASONER (smiling).—Suppose my women folks—  
MR. SCEPTIC.—Forgive me, old fellow. You have won; you can afford to be generous.

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"Ven a fader has got no more sense than to endorse for such a son as you vas, vat security ish dot for me? Dot shows dot your vader vas an old block of the young chip."—*Texas Siftings.*

"WELL, Jacobs, what's your opinion; is marriage a failure?"

JACOBS.—If the girl has money, it's just as good.—*Harvard Lampoon.*

IT is said the reason that old maids generally have a fancy for pet dogs is that they want something that has pants.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

SUBURBAN residents, in daily pilgrimages to the metropolis, belong to the Yorkward squad.—*Texas Siftings.*

ANY chef should be able to carve a name for himself.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

EASILY RATTLED—The door latch.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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